



P O E M S

o n

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.



P O E M S

WARRIOR'S JOURNAL

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O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

B Y E L I Z A K N I P E,

Of M A N C H E S T E R.

M A N C H E S T E R:

P R I N T E D B Y C. W H E E L E R.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.

P O C E N

PLATE 2


P R E F A C E.

IT is with the utmost diffidence that these Poems are offered to the Public. They are, merely, the juvenile productions of a female pen. Most of them were only intended for the amusement of a small circle of friends—there they met with the kindest approbation—but, friends may be partial; and, I fear, they far over-rated my little merits.

I do not know whether I may expect any allowances on account of my youth. It is rather uncommon for a girl of eighteen to attempt a display of Literary Talents: and, I hope, when the Critics consider my age, they will not, for some little incorrectness of diction, condemn the whole work. But I shall be happy, if the sensible and candid think it worth perusal.

P O E M S,

P. R. E. F. A. C. E.



2 M 30 9

P O E M S, &c.

A MORNING MEDITATION.

H A I L to the rising Sun ! whose flaming orb,
Thro' the thick haze, pours the broad beam of day
Diffusive ; and invites the wand'rer forth,
To taste the pleasures of a morning walk ;
And with the rosy-finger'd dawn, to range
Contemplative ; and view fair Nature's works
With curious eye—Oh ! be these pleasures mine !
Delighted, o'er the verdant lawn, or hill
Steep of ascent, I take my devious way,
As curiosity and fancy lead :

Or,

Or, by the side of Kent's flow winding stream
 Trace the Creator's hand. There's not a wave
 That, lucid, rolls upon the pebbled-bed
 With tuneful lapse, but sings JEHOVAH's praise.
 To the soft notes, the feather'd choir reply
 With harmony melodious: the gay fry
 That sport within the bosom of the flood,
 Display their glitt'ring scales to the bright beams
 That gild the waves, in adoration mute.
 Sweet smell the op'ning flow'rs; the yellow corn
 Waves low to him, whose great creating hand
 Form'd the wide universe: all Nature joins
 The choral tribute of exalted praise.
 Mark but the smallest insect, whose bright wing
 Plays in the sunny ray; 'tis perfect form'd,
 And has its organs fitted to its state.
 Behold the tuneful race that haunt the grove,
 Or spread their plumage in the realms of air;
 On feather'd pennons, light upborn, they rise,
 In balance poiz'd; and with repeated strokes

Cleave

Cleave the aërial fluid. See the tribe
 Of quadrupeds, that range the verdant earth,
 From the small mouse, to the huge elephant;
 With eyes cast on the ground they seek their food—
 Whilst Man, the last and greatest of God's works,
 With countenance erect, looks up to Heav'n,
 And views the planetary worlds that roll
 Incessant in their orbits. The pale moon
 Revolving round the earth, with course inclin'd,
 Now half enlighten'd, now a brilliant globe
 Ruling the varied tides. Bold fancy wings
 Her flight to Nature's verge, the distant realm
 Where Saturn reigns, encompass'd by his moons :
 Or one step nearer to the center, sees
 Jupiter with his satellites surrounded.
 Fierce Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury,
 Around the glorious orb of day revolve
 In beauteous regularity. But hold—
 Check, check thy flight, my muse; nor dare to soar
 So much above thy sphere—Yet there's one theme,

One lofty theme, as far surpassing all
 As infinite does finite—that exalts
 The poet's lay, nor shall be left unsung.
 'Tis the great mercy of a gracious God,
 Who gave his only Son to save mankind
 From sin, from death, from hell! Where now, O grave,
 Thy victory? and where, O death! thy sting?
 The deepest stains of sin are wash'd away
 By a Redeemer's blood. The holy gates
 Of Paradise are open'd. See! he mounts—
 The everlasting doors lift up their heads;
 While all the Host of Heaven, with loud acclaim,
 And songs of triumph, hail the King of Glory.

On E V E N I N G.

WELCOME, sweet ev'ning! in mild glories clad,
 When Phœbus' parting beams their radiance cast,

Gilding

Gilding the western clouds. The tops of tow'rs
 Yet catch the falling ray. The swallow spreads
 His glist'ning wings, and lightly skims the air,
 Nor to the surface of the standing pool
 Descends. The cooling zephyr now expands
 His painted plumes, and fans a gentle breeze:
 The pure, transparent æther glads the eye
 With azure brightness, which the chrystal stream
 Reflects more lovely in its silver wave.
 Now, from the summit of this rising hill,
 What prospects open to my view! the woods,
 The meads, the vallies, the meand'ring streams,
 The flocks, the herds, the little rural cots,
 The rustic farms, appear on ev'ry side:
 Each object, as retiring from the view,
 Looks less, and mingles with the ambient air:
 Dull night seems loath to mount her iron car,
 And cloud so fair a scene; 'till forc'd, at length,
 To wheel her swift nocturnal race, she hides
 Th' enchanting view in darkness from our sight.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

L O O K round this earthly habitable globe,
 Which Heav'n has destin'd for the seat of man;
 Survey its beauties, and consider well,
 If such a world, so exquisitely fram'd,
 Could be ordain'd by Heav'n for the abode
 Of misery and pain? Why has the hand
 Of lavish Providence diffus'd around
 On it such objects of delight? Why fill'd
 The whole Creation with such bliss and joy?
 Why, but for man? that he might still rejoice
 And praise the great Creator of the whole.
 Thus, to enjoy the blessings he has sent,
 Is virtue and obedience: to reject
 Is ignorance, or worse than ignorance,
 Absurd perverseness. Goodness infinite
 Is the beneficent and endless source
 Of all existence: for, the nat'ral bent

Of

Of ev'ry being that's endow'd with reason,
From the high order of enraptur'd seraphs,
Down to the lowest, meanest rank of men,
Is to arise incessantly from good
“ To better still, and better thence again
“ In infinite progression !” for they all,
By Providence, have faculties assign'd
For all the various orders of delight.
The true enjoyments of the human soul
Do not consist in riot : but, whoe'er
Would taste true happiness, must still adore
The high perfections of his great Creator ;
Express good-will towards his fellow-creatures ;
Cultivate inward rectitude, and strive
To imitate his Saviour thro' his Life.
A soul thus fraught with happiness, becomes
The brightest emanation of its God.

ODE *on* ADMIRAL RODNEY'S VICTORY,

APRIL *the* 12th, 1782.

GODDESS of Victory, my verse inspire,
Let thy bright beaming ray,
Direct my untaught lay,
And fill my rising soul with thy celestial fire.
I see thee come, triumphant maid!
The laurel round thy head entwin'd;
Thy limbs in shining steel array'd,
Expressive of thy martial mind.

What vet'ran warrior lead'st thou by the hand?
From all a rev'rend awe his looks command—
'Tis RODNEY! beaming peace on Britain's land.

Were our Commanders all like thee,
Oh Rodney! we should quickly see
The white-rob'd goddess on our plains descend,
And war no more our country's breast should rend.

Brave

Brave HOOD ! and warlike DRAKE ! to you
Your country's warmest thanks are due ;
And AFFLECK's merits equal rife to view !

While you with ardour rush'd to meet,
The proud, insulting Gallic fleet,
Old Neptune rais'd his hoary head,
Out of his Thetis' sea-green bed,
And with his trident he your ships impell'd
Towards the enemy : your sails were swell'd
At his command ; great Vulcan also leaves
His native element, and seeks the briny waves.

The FORMIDABLE claims his care ;
His pow'r's display'd most amply there ;
Swifter than thought he does her guns supply,
At each broadside an hundred Frenchmen die.

And now, Minerva spreads her shield
O'er Rodney, and makes Gallia yield.
No longer now the cannons roar ;
Bellona's voice is heard no more.

But

But tho' the victory's gain'd,
One loss we have sustain'd;
The ever brave, and gallant BAYNE!
Alas! is number'd with the slain.

His praise, to future ages, fame shall bear;
And mem'ry, o'er his tomb, shall drop a tear.
And thou, great seaman! ever bold and brave!
Thou, MANNERS! shalt not have an unwept grave—
Forget, my muse, such dismal themes to sing,
And upwards take thy flight, on joy's bright wing,
Exalting Rodney's name, and Rodney's King,
Great George! beneath whose mild, auspicious reign,
May peace and plenty glad each happy plain
Of Albion's isle, surrounded by the main.

The P A R T I N G F R I E N D S.

TIS Friendship calls! and shall the muse be dumb?
 No—let her raise her tuneful voice to Heav'n,
 And sing the sacred theme! But soft, methinks
 She weeps, and none but plaintive accents fall
 From her harmonious tongue—Oh! say, dear maid!
 What mean those tears? Alas! replies the muse,
 These eyes just now beheld two faithful friends,
 Whom sympathy of soul had lately link'd
 In flow'ry bands, parted by adverse fate.
 The mournful tear starting in either eye,
 The trembling step, the voice nigh choak'd with sobs,
 All, all foretold a long, a sad farewell.
 Now turn thine eyes to yonder lime-tree's shade,
 There, see Augustus! fav'rite of the Nine!
 Stretch'd on the grass, and lost in anxious thought:
 Behold his sorrows! he has lost a friend!
 Scarce had I turn'd, when, rising from the ground,

C

He

He spoke—and now let none disdain to hear
 The sacred verse, to friendship consecrate,
 Which thus express'd his soul's true sentiments—
 And art thou gone? companion of my thoughts!
 I now may tell my sorrows to the air,
 And weep in solitude—Alas! no more
 Can I deposit in thy feeling heart,
 The painful secrets of my woe-fraught breast:
 No more the tale of joy to thee impart,
 Which wont to make thee glad—Oh! my dear HOME!
 No more shall I, with thee, excursive range
 O'er the gay fields, cloath'd in soft summer's pride,
 With converse sweet, making the tedious way
 Seem short and pleasant, as we erst have done,
 When we beguil'd the time till night came on,
 And in her sable liv'ry rob'd the earth.
 But what will my complaints avail? Will they
 Fetch back my friend?—No—Duty bids him go;
 His King and honor call, and chide his stay.

Then

Then fly—and, Oh ! may angels hover round,
While health, content and joy attend thy steps.

The SINCERE WISH.

GRANT, kind Heav'n ! this only pray'r ;
From busy crowds remove me far ;
And let my youthful Days be spent
In study and retirement.

Pensive THOUGHT, sweet lovely maid !
Come, my faculties invade ;
Let my soul be full of thee ;
From gay scenes of riot free.

In cities let me ne'er reside,
The haunts of folly and of pride ;
But while domestic cares employ,
Domestic cares be all my joy.

Let reason all my passions guide,
And o'er each thought and act preside;
Teach me to live; and, still more high,
Instruct me, quite resign'd, to die.

I M I T A T I O N S.

C U N N I N G H A M.

I AM blest with content—say, ye servants of pride!
Who flaunt at the park, or the ring,
While our soft harmless pleasures with scorn you deride,
Does your folly more happiness bring?

In the spring, when bright Flora begins to appear,
When the lilac and soft blushing broom,
With the crowfoot, and hyacinth usher the year,
And all Nature appears in her bloom.

When

When the trees just begin to afford us a shade,
And the green-bladed corn glads the fields,
When the turtle is building her nest in the glade,
Each object fresh happiness yields.

When bright Sol o'er our heads darts his hot gleaming rays,
And the grass is parch'd up by his heat,
When the shepherd his pipe tunes to sweet rural lays,
As he sits in the shady retreat :

When thro' thick tufted foliage the sun can scarce peep,
Contented I seek the alcove,
Where woodbuds and jessamines wantonly creep,
Or walk thro' the shadowy grove.

When the spring promis'd fruits by rich Ceres are giv'n,
And the apples hang thick on the trees,
I taste autumn's blessings, and think I'm in Heav'n,
When around I see plenty and peace.

When

When winter comes frowning in whirlwinds and storms,
Contented I sit by my fire,
With my conscience quite free from guilt's heart-piercing thorns;
Say, what is there more to desire?

S H E N S T O N E.

FROM yonder steeple, hark! the solemn bell
Calls for the friendly tribute of a tear;
Last night my Delia bid the world farewell,
And flew to meet her God without a fear.
Could virtue claim exemption from the grave,
My lovely Delia sure had never died;
Heav'n to the fair its choicest blessing gave,
A life of innocence, unstain'd by pride.

Sweet

Sweet charity her youthful bosom warm'd,
Sorrow still claim'd her sympathetic sigh ;
Her mild benevolence for ever charm'd ;
The tear of feeling often dim'd her eye.

For her then be the tear of feeling shed !
Widows and orphans weep ye o'er her bier !
Your best, your greatest patroness is dead—
Who now will lend your griefs a pitying ear ?

Delia was still the friend of the distressed,
No wand'rer e'er past hungry by her door ;
Glad to relieve and succour the oppressed,
The heav'nly guardian angel of the poor.

Oh! then—tho' she is flown to realms of joy,
Forbid me not to weep upon her tomb ;
Dull sorrow well may dim the widow's eye,
Orphans may well lament her early doom.

CUNNINGHAM.

C U N N I N G H A M.

HOW blest, and how happy were I,
Might I live a calm pastoral life!

How swiftly the minutes would fly,

Free from hurry or bustle, or strife.

Deep in some lone shadowy vale,

Would I chuse my sequester'd retreat,

Where the cowslip embroiders the dale,

And the primrose springs under my feet.

Where on one hand a thick tufted wood,

Affords a religious dark gloom;

On the other a soft winding flood

Flows, border'd with blossoming broom.

A house with a garden behind,

Well fenc'd from the blasts of the north;

Not merely for pleasure design'd—

Let its usefulness measure its worth.

Around

Around the oak frame of my door,
Let a woodbind its branches entwine ;
A clean homely white scoured floor,
While my windows are crown'd with a vine.

In such a recluse, still retreat,
Contented my days I could spend,
Far, far from the haunts of the great,
With peace, my companion and friend.

Contemplation and virtue dwell there,
And when we relinquish our breath,
Religion and faith will draw near,
And dispel all the horrors of death.

CHATTERTON'S ROWLEY.

AH! where ys Selynesse yfledde?
Ys she hylte ynne some merkie delle?

D

Her

Her wonne uneathe ys to be redde,

Where she abydes canne ne wyghte telle?

I foughte her the grene erth attoure;

Ynne logges, and eke ynne palaces;

I speered ynne the ryche manne's bowre,

Botte heie kent nete of her I wyffe.

To shepsterre's bordel yenne I spedde;

Ynne hopes yatte there I mote her fynde,

Tho' she leng fyne from thence han fledde,

A swarthe lyche her still staies behynde.

Yenne to the monke's scaunte celle I yode,

I thoughte perchaunce she there had beene;

Botte fyche had never hearde her trode,

Ne vieude her comelie femlykeene.

To Loverde's halle I bent mie waie;

The bygger fonne was I, to deeme,

Yatte uponne pryde her shemrynge raie

Motte ever glaunce the myrke to leme.

Oh

Oh yenne bereede where schall I fynde
Of Selyneffe the blyft abode?
She's nete onne erth, wythe humane kynde,
Botte ynne the bosome of mie GODDE.

On SENSIBILITY.

SWEET Sensibility! thou heav'nly source
Of ev'ry heart-felt pleasure! deign to shed
Thy rays benignant o'er thy vot'ry's mind:
Oh let me feel thy soft congenial sway!
When, guided by thy impulse, I direct
My trembling steps to poor Almeria's bed;
Who, faint and languid, lifts her downcast eyes
At friendship's kind consolatory voice.
Be thou the lov'd companion of my heart,

Whene'er I join the train of jocund mirth ;
 Teach me to feel my pleasures all enhanc'd
 By seeing others happy—Let my soul,
 Touch'd by thy hand divine, concordant strike
 Responsive to each note of joy or grief.
 Thou heav'nly maid ! blest be thy magic pow'r !
 Which constitutes my happiness on earth :
 Without thee, e'en the bliss of Paradise
 Would seem but one, insipid, stupid scene
 Of sullen languor ; but, when blest with thee,
 See ! comfort rises from the couch of woe,
 And with her downy pennons shades my breast—
 Come then ; and with thee bring thy milder train
 Of smiling virtues—gentle, calm Content,
 Rose-tinted Modesty ; Meekness divine ;
 Benevolence, and Heav'n-born Charity—
 But chief, thy lovely sister Sympathy :
 She, next to thee, o'er all my mental pow'rs
 Shall reign, with gentle, tho' with conscious sway :
 'Tis she alone who makes me sure to please

Where'er

Where'er I go—whether to scenes of mirth,
 Where joys extatic circle all around,
 Bright'ning each chearful face with brilliant smiles ;
 Or to the untrod floor, and lonely walls
 Of pale affliction ; or the shatter'd roof
 Of aged poverty, where the thin thatch
 Admits stern winter's snow—To ev'ry place
 'Tis sympathy alone that welcomes me.
 Glad, I behold the aged beggar's face
 With pleasure glow, when, at his mournful tale,
 I heave a sigh, or drop the silent tear.
 Oh, how my heart expands ! whene'er I view
 The poor industrious family sit down,
 Blest with content, to eat their frugal meal.
 Away with dire ambition's glaring pomp !
 That only suits the mean, ungenerous soul—
 Sweet sensibility ! far other bliss
 Belongs to thee—'tis thine, alone, to sooth
 With soft melodious voice the bed of death ;
 To comfort the despairing wretch, who seeks,

Rashly,

Rashly, to rid himself of tedious life ;
 To smoothe the rugged brow of sullen care,
 And make e'en sorrow wear the smile of joy.
 Bereft of thee, how lost were wretched man !
 How dark his passage thro' this vale of cares !
 But thy soul-cheering ray will guide him thro'
 The dark abyfs of misery and woe,
 Where no light shines, save thine—Say, without thee,
 Oh ! what would, e'en, religion's pow'rs avail ?
 Blest with thy influence, we doubly feel
 For our dear Saviour's sufferings ; who for us
 And for our sins, left his celestial throne
 And seraph reign, to sojourn here on earth.
 Behold him now extended on the cross !
 His hands and feet with rugged nails are pierc'd—
 From his gor'd side, see ! blood and water flow !
 Oh ! in the eye of faith, I see him now—
 My LORD ! my SAVIOUR ! as he died for me.
 Hail to the LAMB of GOD ! who, willing, bore
 The burthen of our sins : his love to man

Is inexpressible! This is the field
Where sensibility may freely range—
Oh! 'tis too much—the glorious scene's too much,
For the fond feelings of the grateful heart.

On F R I E N D S H I P.

HAIL Friendship! gen'rous, social pow'r,
Soft soother of each anxious hour;
By thee our passions are refin'd,
Our sympathizing hearts entwin'd.

Blest with a friend, life glides away,
Like one continued blissful day
Of love and joy, of hope and peace,
And happiness that cannot cease.

A friend

A friend should feel a friend's distress,
 And share in ev'ry woe or bliss;
 Heav'n grant that faithful Friend to me,
 My lovely Fair-one, may be thee.

On the DEATH *of a* CANARY BIRD.

A DIE U! thou once fair tenant of the shades,
 Whose shrill-tun'd song, o'er ev'ry face and heart
 Spread universal gladness—now no more
 Shall thy sweet warblings sooth the list'ning ear
 With sweetest concord—now no more resounds
 The lofty parlour with thy well-tun'd notes;
 In lovely harmony out-vying far
 The soft spinnet, or the love-breathing flute.
 No more shalt thou, from T—nh—m's bounty fed,
 Repay her labours with thy song; but gone
 To endless rest, and everlasting peace,
 Free from all care, thou sleep'st to wake no more.

ODE

O D E to M U S I C.

HAIL Music! elder sister of the Nine!
From whom they take their Name;
Bright scientific maid!
Our strongest passions thou canst rule and tame;
Our vows to thee be paid,
And all our off'rings laid before thy shrine.
Thou canst set the soul on fire,
Or gently calm each wild desire,
E'en blazing wrath, or fierce tumultuous ire:
While thy notes harmonious roll,
They softly seize the melting soul,
Drive ev'ry anxious thought away,
Pour on the clouded mind a brilliant day,
And make e'en fell despair enjoy a chearful ray.

L E V E N S.

DELIGHTFUL LEVENS! in thy park's calm shade,
For silent study and retirement made,

Oh! may I wander careless and unseen,
And view the wood-crown'd slopes enrob'd in green.
Beneath umbrageous oaks the cattle graze,
The silver stream, in many a winding maze,
Flows thro' his rocky banks, whose moss-grown sides,
Are beautify'd by the refreshing tides.
The drooping alders bending, try to lave
Their humble branches in the shining wave.
The herds of tim'rous deer affrighted fly,
Whene'er they see a human form draw nigh.
Where a wide av'nue opens to the light,
WHITBARROW SCARR emerges on the sight!
Tremendous rock! whose tall and rugged side
Seems a huge pile of ruins: scatter'd wide,

O'er

O'er many an acre of uncultur'd land,
 It shews the work of an Almighty hand.
 Now, thro' the thick-grown wood I take my way,
 Shelter'd from Phœbus by the poet's bay.
 The oak, the laurel by the conqu'rer wore,
 The spreading beech, the lofty fycamore,
 The waving poplar, and the willow low,
 The ash, that loves in rocky soil to grow,
 With hawthorn mix'd, form an embow'ring grove
 Where turtles coo, and linnets warble love.
 In ancient times, in such deep shades as these,
 The Druids liv'd in innocence and ease,
 And taught mankind to fear the gods above,
 While piety still spar'd the holy grove.
 No founding axe was thro' the forest heard,
 For ev'ry tree was sacred and rever'd :
 In hollow caves the hoary-headed train
 Studious retir'd, nor sought the busy plain ;
 Their food such fruits as Nature deign'd to bring,
 Their drink the water from the chrystal spring ;

While Philomela warbling from her nest,
 Lull'd them at night with plaintive notes to rest.
 But soon as luxury's rapacious hand
 Had seiz'd for prey the lost, unhappy land,
 Prone sunk the shades, at ev'ry fatal stroke
 Each sage clings faster round his fav'rite oak:
 But not the rev'rence due to holy age
 Could save them from the more than brutal rage
 Of savage men, by thirst of lucre fir'd,
 But more by barb'rous policy inspir'd.
 The good old seers, grown desperate of life,
 Calmly resign'd their breath, beneath the knife
 Of some fell murd'rous wretch; yet, oft the swain
 Who at deep midnight quits the open plain,
 And seeks the still recesses of the wood,
 Feels an unusual horror chill his blood:
 His hair starts up an end with secret dread,
 'Till bursting from their silent turf-grown bed,
 He sees the Druids' sprites in order stand,
 All rob'd in white, each with a silver wand;

Then,

Then, seiz'd with fear, he takes to sudden flight,
Nor dares to look upon their mystic rite.

Forgive me, Levens, that thus long I've stray'd,
By fancy led, that dear, delusive maid !

And by her to more distant scenes convey'd.

Thy pleasing beauties soon shall call me home,

No more my wild ideas thus shall roam.

Thy ancient hall, a venerable pile,

That at our modern structures seems to smile ;

And with superior, conscious worth, looks down

On the flight buildings of a busy town,

Commands my awe ; and next thy garden fair,

Where the rich perfumes scent the ambient air ;

Where the plain lily by the tulip grows,

The modest violet by the blooming rose ;

Thy wilderneys that flow'ring shrubs adorn,

The soft Laburnum, and the Indian Thorn ;

The Piracantha and Arbutus here,

Join'd with the Sea-born Goddess plant, appear :

}

The

The bright-plum'd goldfinch, warbling from yon spray,
Delights us with his sweetly-tuneful lay !
Pleas'd I could listen to the charming song,
'Till night, with sober pace, stealing along,
Came onward, cloth'd in robes of gravest hue,
And hid the whole creation from my view.

To ——— on a NOSEGAY.

THE Flowers, which from you I lately took,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd this morn,
But now, they wither'd, pale and faded look,
No more they seem my bosom to adorn.

When in the garden fresh I saw them blow,
I thought them worthy of a nobler state ;
I plac'd them in my breast, there bid them glow,
And shew'd them to the world with pride elate.

From

From native element reluctant drawn,

No more they hail the sun's returning ray ;

No more they greet the rosy-finger'd dawn,

But hang their heads, and wither and decay.

Thus, some fair nymph, who, blest with youth and health,

Long mov'd the charmer of the peaceful vale,

Unwilling dragg'd to the abodes of wealth,

Quits the calm country, and commences Belle.

To unaccustom'd scenes of riot led,

In fashion's vortex for a while she moves,

But soon the roses from her cheeks are fled,

No more the joys of blooming health she proves.

Then grant, Oh God ! that I may long enjoy

The peaceful blessings of an humble life ;

From the gay world for ever let me fly,

And quit the scenes of folly, noise and strife.

A TRUE

A T R U E S T O R Y.

MY pen shall now implore no Muse's aid,
 To swell the pompous line ; but pale distress
 And black-rob'd melancholy shall inspire,
 And with a pleasing languor crown my verse,
 While weeping truth with sorrow tells the tale.

Blest with an only child, a daughter fair,
 Rusticius past his days, retir'd from noise,
 " Far in the bosom of the woody wild,"
 Where peaceful solitude and calm content
 Smil'd on his ev'ning hours—yet had he known
 The gay allurements of a flatt'ring world ;
 Had liv'd amidst the busy haunts of men,
 And shar'd the pleasures of society :
 But now, the light pursuits of youth thrown by,
 His greatest happiness, and only wish,
 Was to improve his dear Pastora's mind ;

To

To cultivate each rising virtue, and,
 Each spark of genius, with paternal care.
 His tenderneſs Paſtora well repaid
 With filial piety and kind regard.
 Theſe happy hours, alas ! too ſoon were o'er ;
 For, wand'ring near their little rural cot,
 Mercator ſaw the fair—he ſaw, and lov'd ;
 And, crown'd with ſmiling fortune's richeſt gifts,
 Soon after fought her hand. Mercator's ſoul
 Glow'd not with ſentiment : in commerce train'd,
 No other ſcene of life he ever knew.
 She, in obedience to her father's will,
 Bound faſt the knot, which only death can looſe.
 Now, with her huſband, ſhe prepares to quit
 Her native land, and thoſe dear, bliſſful ſhades,
 Where, bleſt with ſweet content, and free from care,
 She paſt the happy days of infancy.
 The parting hour is come—a ſad farewell
 She takes of all around, and caſts a look,
 A long, laſt, wiſhful look ! on the calm ſpot

Endear'd to her by every tender tie.
 A greater woe, alas! is yet to come—
 Torn from her aged parent's fond embrace,
 When now the closing hour of life draws on,
 She dreads to leave him to a stranger's care :
 She bathes him with her tears—her grief-ty'd tongue
 Refuses, for a while, to speak her woe—
 At length, with tender look and trembling voice,
 She thus pours forth the sorrows of her soul.
 Oh thou! the much-lov'd author of my life!
 For whom my beating heart nigh bursts my breast,
 How can I leave thee? when thy waning years
 Claim me as thy support; thy only stay—
 Leave thee for ever! Oh! it shocks my soul—
 But, my sad heart, foreboding, says I ne'er
 Shall see my aged father's face again;
 Hear his lov'd voice, or feel his kind embrace.
 Here ceas'd the fair.—Rusticius lifts his eyes,
 And fixes them on her's, bedew'd with tears;
 And while his breast with tender sorrow heaves,

Endeavours,

Endeavours, thus, to cheer the mourner's woes—
 Be calm, my dearest child ! the watchful eye
 Of Providence divine is on us all ;
 The innocent are Heav'n's peculiar care :
 Then, dread not thou to cross the trackless seas ;
 For, from the torrid to the frigid zone,
 The same protecting God with justice reigns ;
 And if it be his will, that I should leave
 This transitory life, to rest in peace,
 Why shouldst thou grieve, that the Almighty Hand
 Shortens the number of my sins, and calls
 Me to the blest abodes of love and joy ?
 Lull each repining thought within thy breast,
 And murmur not at Heav'n's all-wise decrees.
 He stopt—for now the fleeting time admits
 Of only one embrace before they part.
 The vessel spreads her sails, and seeming proud
 To bear so rich a treasure, swiftly cleaves
 The foaming surge, and bears her safe to land.
 Th' unwholesome climate, where thick brooding fogs

Or pestilential vapours taint the air,
 Affects her tender frame ; and now she droops,
 A victim to disease—yet, e'er she falls
 Into the bosom of the silent grave,
 An infant sees the light ; born premature,
 But like for life ; an helpless, orphan babe,
 Depriv'd of a fond mother's tender care :
 For, worn by sickness, she has hardly time
 To recommend it to protecting Heav'n :
 Yet, e'er she dies, she calls her weeping lord,
 Who now feels sorrow touch his melting soul,
 As thus, with low and falt'ring voice she spoke—
 Say, wilt thou hear, and grant my last request ?
 When I am dead, embalm my breathless corpse,
 And to my native country send this clay,
 To be interr'd in my dear father's sight :
 But, Oh ! I pray thee, send him word before ;
 And write in all the softest, tend'rest terms,
 Humanity can dictate to thy thought.
 I can no more—I go to meet my God—

There

There fled th' angelic spirit to the sky,
 To join, with choirs of angels, in the praise
 Of the Almighty Maker of the world.
 Mercator hastens now to gratify
 Her latest wish, and sends her father word
 That he, per such a ship, would soon receive
 His daughter's body—Strange! unfeeling heart!
 What—couldst thou find no terms but those of trade,
 To tell Rusticius of Pastora's death?
 Yet e'en this letter, cruel as it was,
 Some wicked demon intercepted, and
 Entomb'd its bearers in the watry grave.
 Fraught with her clay-cold corpse, the ship sets sail
 For Albion's isle; and soon, too soon, arrives.
 The busy porters on the crowded quay
 Wait for their loads—they bear the woe-fraught chest,
 Which holds her body, to her father's house.
 Good Heav'ns! what horror seizes on his soul,
 When he beholds his daughter's breathless corpse.
 Struck dumb with sorrow, for a while he stands

Unmov'd,

Unmov'd, nor feels the keenness of distress,
 Of woe unutterable—all his hopes
 Blasted at once, he lifts his languid eyes
 To Heav'n, as if he thought that Heav'n unjust:
 Then clasps his daughter's body in his arms,
 Thinks her alive, and talks as if she was:
 But soon returning reason claims her seat,
 And bids him pay the last sad duties to
 The dear remains of his beloved child.
 He strews the corpse with flow'rs, prepares a grave,
 There he inters her, and erects a tomb,
 Inscrib'd, as thus his bleeding heart directs—
 Stop, traveller, whoe'er thou art, and pay
 The tributary tear to sorrow due—
 The clay o'er which this monument is rais'd,
 Was once the shrine where ev'ry virtue dwelt:
 But far above the rest, conspicuous shone
 True filial piety—to that she fell
 An early sacrifice—but, sure, such worth

Must

Must not lie bury'd in the silent grave!
 No—she is only freed from worldly cares;
 And sleeps in death, to rise to life eternal.

On the LAKE *of* WINDERMERE.

HASTE, airy Fancy! and assist my song;
 To thee each thought poetic must belong:
 Whilst led by thee I tune the soften'd lay,
 WINDERMERE, pleas'd, shall own thy magic sway.
 That beauteous lake! whose charming prospects shew,
 In varied lights, as thou dost bid them glow.
 And lo! attentive to her suppliant's pray'r,
 The goddess, swiftly, cleaves the ambient air:
 Drawn by six harness'd griffins, see! she rides;
 Di'monds and sapphires deck her chariot sides;

The

The laughing loves around her person play,
 And spread their plumage to the sunny ray :
 The goddesses' self, in painted vest array'd,
 Has, o'er her head, Thaumantia's bow display'd,
 Whose changing shades, presented to the sight,
 Display rich scenes of variegated light.
 Here, the full purple tinct imperial glows ;
 There, blooming lustre emulates the rose ;
 The edges glitt'ning with the hue of day,
 In golden beams reluctant melt away :
 With hair loose floating, and disorder'd mein,
 Swift from her car steps the fantastic queen :
 Her right hand holds a book, whose leaves close seal'd
 Were ne'er, save to the eye of thought, reveal'd :
 Her left an ebon wand, whose magic power
 Varies the face of Nature ev'ry hour ;
 Transports the lively soul to realms unknown,
 Or wafts th' ideas o'er each distant zone.
 Blest with imagination's subtle fire !
 I feel the goddesses all my soul inspire :

I range,

I range, with her, o'er each Arcadian scene,
 The waving wood, and primrose-dimpled green :
 But all ideal beauties disappear,
 When, once, compar'd with lovely Windermere.
 Here, bounteous Nature holds her rural court,
 Where the delighted Graces all resort.
 Forgive, Oh Muse ! if I attempt to paint
 Those prospects, where the boldest tincts prove faint.
 First, from Lowe Wood, across the watry plain
 Cast your pleas'd eye, and view the wide domain
 Where all the fairest of the Naiads reign :
 Mark the rich lustre of each golden ray,
 When, on the curling waves, the sun beams play.
 The cooling zephyrs now their wings expand,
 We hoist our sails, and leave the lessening land :
 See, o'er the gentle flood the vessel dance,
 As swift she cleaves the liquid wide expanse :
 Wantonly gay, her milk-white sides she laves,
 And gladly kisses the translucent waves :

As now, more distant from Lowe Wood she flies,
 What pleasing prospects strike our ravish'd eyes !
 The White House peeping thro' the tufted grove,
 The rising mount, and bowling-green alcove ;
 While, in perspective, distant hills arise,
 Whose airy summits seem to touch the skies.
 Now, BOWNESS comes in sight, turn round and say,
 If with 'indiff'rence, you can well survey
 The scene, where Nature's greatest charms unite,
 To form such mingled hues of shade and light,
 That e'en the pencil of a Claude must fail—
 How little, here, would all his art avail !
 The dark slope interspers'd with broken rocks,
 The verdant meadows, and the fleecy flocks ;
 The isle where winter hardly dares appear,
 But spring eternal blossoms thro' the year :
 The bold rotunda, full before us plac'd,
 By situation, more than stile, is grac'd ;
 And while the scenes a double beauty wear,
 We bless the Architect who rais'd it there.

How

How pleasant, on the surface of the lake,
 With hook and line, the scaly fry to take!
 Dear sport! congenial to the pensive mind,
 To soft ideas, and a soul refin'd:
 Where, gazing on the wonders of the deep,
 We lull each wild, tumultuous, thought to sleep.
 Reader, forgive, if fancy tir'd, omits
 Some striking beauties, and the less forgets;
 Benevolence will surely intervene,
 And overlook the errors of eighteen.

K E S W I C K.

LO! how the orient morning sweetly lights
 The western side of KESWICK's beauteous vale;
 And gilds, with yellow beams, the mountain tops;
 While on the east, the brown projecting rocks

Cast a dark shade; majestically grand!
 Purpling the dale beneath; thro' which, the lake
 Spontaneous rolls along his silver tide.
 Where shall the eye find rest, in this wide scene
 Of beauteous horror? where th' o'erhanging cliff
 Threatens with ruin, all who are so bold,
 To pass beneath his darkly, low'ring brow.
 Here, mountains pil'd on mountains, meet the view,
 Upon whose cloud-envelop'd heights, the bird,
 Sacred to mighty Jove, her airy builds.
 The roaring water, down the rocky steep,
 Rushes impetuous, with resistless force;
 Now dashing on the broken crags, it foams
 And rages with redoubled violence:
 Now, falling in wide sheets from rock to rock,
 'Till tumbling down some rugged precipice,
 It gains the bottom of the dale below;
 Then joins the shining flood, and gently flows.
 Behold the surface of the chrystal lake,
 Studed with islands of perpetual green;

Within

Within whose shady woods, the feather'd choir
 Chant their sweet songs, nor dread the arts of man.
 The halcyon here, recluse, sequester'd bird,
 Spreads her bright plumage to the view of Heav'n :
 Here, living groves of the Dodonean tree,
 Shade above shade, climb the adjacent hills ;
 Upon whose sides, the yellow waving corn,
 A noble contrast forms to the dark oaks,
 And charms the sight with golden brilliancy.
 All round this lovely scene, the mountains raise
 Their spiry heads above the swelling clouds
 That rest upon their shoulders, and, sometimes,
 Driv'n by the winds with rudest violence,
 Against their fellow clouds with fury dash.
 Here, the god Æolus his empire holds,
 In hollow caves, and here he reigns supreme :
 Oft times his blust'ring subjects issue forth
 With deaf'ning roar, from some wide cavern's mouth,
 And make mock thunder echo thro' the rocks :
 Inflated by their breath, the turbid lake

Swells

Swells high in heaving waves, and boldly threats

The banks which stop its furious mad career—

Horror magnificent ! how shall I paint

The majesty and grandeur of the scene ?

My pen's unequal to the task—I stop.

IMPROMPTU, *on a PILE of RUINS.*

ALL-conq'ring Time ! who shall, ungriev'd, behold
The devastations of thy ruthless hand ?

Say, what so strong, as may thy force withstand ?

O'er all the earth thy might is told.

Where now the sumptuous domes, that rear'd their heads

As if they would thy pow'r defy ?

Alas ! all levell'd with their mossy beds :

No more th' aspiring columns pierce the sky,

But sunk in dust they ruin'd lie.

The

The ivy-mantled tow'r, where now I stand,
 Was once a mirth-refounding hall ;
 But now, an useless heap of mould'ring wall ;
 It droops beneath time's keen corroding hand.

Ah ! what avails its former state ?

Its broken portals, once so gay,

A melancholy tale relate,

And seem to mourn their own decay.

The roof, that echo'd to the notes

Of mirth and joy, no more refounds

Aught, but the dull and horrid sounds

Proceeding from the bat and screech-owl's throats.

The moat half fill'd with stones, that fall

Daily from the ruin'd wall :

Perhaps to some lone room, yet left entire,

The houseless wretch may oft retire,

To hide his head from winter's piercing cold,

And shield himself from thick descending snows ;

While at each blast of wind that blows

Around, the tottering fabric nods,

And threatens to crush him in his secret hold.

PALEMON

P A L E M O N *and* L A V I N I A ;

A

P A S T O R A L I N T E R L U D E .

The S T O R Y *taken from* THOMSON'S SEASONS.

PALEMON.

LAVINIA.

LUCY, *his sister.*

EURYDICE, *her mother.*

A C T I.

Scene 1st. *A Cottage in a Grove.*

Lavinia *alone.*

Lav. **H**OW sweet the rosy dawn to me appears,
 When o'er yon distant hill the sun peeps forth,
And gilds our straw-thatch'd roof. How pleasing 'tis
To hear the lark ! rising on ruflet wing,
Utter his chearful notes ; while, from yon grove,
The little linnet's soft, responsive song,
Charms the unfolding ear—Where'er I turn,

Creation's

Creation's beauties, rising to my view,
 Bid me to join with them in praise to Heav'n.
 Did I not see my widow'd mother's tears,
 My soul would be one tranquil scene of peace :
 I know no woe, but when I hear her voice
 Nigh choak'd with tears, in mournful accents tell
 Her piteous tale, and then at fate repine.
 Oh ! could I see her quite resign'd and calm,
 No labour were too hard—I'd early rise
 And work all day, then thankful lay me down
 On the clean straw, and bless kind Providence.
 But see ! she comes—her soften'd looks speak peace
 To my rent heart, and bid complaints be hush'd.

Enter Eurydice.

Lav. My venerable parent ! on my knees
 I hail your lov'd approach, and humbly beg
 Your gracious benediction.

Eur. Rise, my child !
 And may that pow'r, who hitherto has led

H

Thee

Thee in the paths of truth and innocence,
 Watch over ev'ry action of thy life.
 I thank my God, that, amidst all my woes,
 He's blest me with a comforter like thee.
 Thy fond, assiduous care, for ever finds
 New objects, to divert my anxious mind.
 Thy smiles, so full of happiness and joy,
 Lull each repining thought within my breast.
 Yet, one affliction hangs upon me still—
 Thou know'st our little store is now consum'd ;
 Thou seest this wither'd trunk, these feeble limbs,
 Sinking beneath th' infirmities of age—
 Oh, my Lavinia ! thou'rt my only stay ;
 On thee, for kind support, I must rely.

Lav. My mother ! can you doubt my filial zeal ?
 Name but the way to find you some relief,
 And I will fly upon the wings of love :
 Think not that any task can be too hard—
 Were it to cross the Alps, with pleasure, I
 The toilsome journey strait would undertake ;

And

And when the flinty rock should pierce my feet,
 Or the keen snows, driv'n by the winds of Heav'n,
 Beat in my shiv'ring face—the thoughts of you
 Would warm my heart, and smoothe the rugged path :
 Then quickly let me know your dear commands ;
 I'll execute them, or I'll lose my life.

Eur. Alas! my love! I know thy will is good,
 But, yet, I fear thy fortitude will fail—
 Say, if thy spirit could submit to join
 The humble train who glean the harvest fields ?
 Couldst thou, unus'd to aught but innocence,
 Bear the rude jokes of the indecent clown ?
 Thy delicacy would be shock'd at that
 Which makes the hoyden laugh ; and much I fear,
 Lest thy superior form should draw the eyes
 Of some rich villain, who would spare no pains
 To lure thee to his wicked purposes.
 If thou canst bear, with patience, all these ills,
 Go, seek thy wretched mother some relief.

Lav. With joy (and pray'rs to Heav'n to guide my steps)
I go—for oft, methinks, I've heard you praise
The young Palemon; and just when the dawn
Began to break, a troop of reapers pass'd,
And ask'd of me which way the nearest led
To his demesnes. I'll straitway follow them.

Eur. Do, my lov'd child! may Providence divine
Watch o'er thee, and return thee to my arms. *(Exit.)*

Lav. All gracious Pow'r! in Majesty enthron'd,
With pity on our sufferings look down—
Yes, yes—I feel thou wilt—my heart dilates
With joy, and each harsh thought is hush'd in peace.

S O N G.

Lav. By fortune plac'd in humble state,
I'll ne'er at Heav'n's decrees repine;
I ask not to be rich, or great,
Let calm content and peace be mine.
The rich by fate set up on high,
At trifles fret, and sigh and pine;

Nature's

Nature's chief blessings I enjoy,
While calm content and peace are mine.

Let other mortals humbly ask
Blessings at giddy folly's shrine ;
Or in the smiles of fortune bask—

Let calm content and peace be mine. (Exit.)

Scene 2d. *The Inside of a Hall.*

Enter Palemon singing.

Pal. With Pleasure I rise when the morning first dawns,
And walk thro' the meadows, the woods or the lawns ;
No charms that the town can afford are like those
Which Nature displays in the hawthorn and rose.
I rove with delight o'er the flow rising hill,
Or sit by the side of some murmuring rill,
Where a plane-tree, wide spreading, affords me a shade,
And Nature appears in her beauties array'd.

While

While by Providence blest with a spirit like this,
 I envy not those who make riches their blifs;
 Since Heav'n has granted a competent store,
 I thank the kind gods, and I ask for no more.

My heart is light as the pure ambient air
 In which I breathe; my soul is full of joy,
 As from this window, pleas'd, I now survey
 The golden harvest crown my spacious fields.
 How many, poor and needy, will that grain
 Save from the jaws of famine and distress!
 What pleasure 'tis to see the lab'ring hind,
 With chearfulness apply himself to reap
 His master's corn, and gather in his store.
 Oh blifs! to bless so many—thus to be
 Their guardian god, their father, and their friend.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Good morrow to my brother—pleas'd I see
 Thine eye, in gratitude, uprais'd to Heav'n,
 With look divine, express thy inmost thoughts:

Th'

Th' Almighty; fure, will crown fuch virtue with
Each bleffing that is in his pow'r to give.

Pal. I fhould be bleft, indeed! would Heav'n but grant
Acafto's daughter to my earneft fearch—

Oh! that were real blifs! but 'twill not be—

My good old friend! my debt remains unpaid

To thee, and much I fear it ever will.

Ah! Lucy, hadft thou known that worthy man,

His gen'rous heart, too good for this bad world,

Could fee no fellow-creature in diftrefs,

Without endeav'ring to relieve their cares.

Alas! too much he gave—his fortune, funk

By his beneficence, fell foon to nought,

And, in a jail, oppreffed by want, he died,

Without a friend at laft to clofe his eyes.

Lucy. And why, my deareft brother, didft not thou

Fly to his aid, and pour the healing balm

Of friendly confolation in his foul?

Pal.

Pal. Oh ! my dear Lucy ! there's the bitter pang
 That ev'ry minute seizes on my heart :
 Alas ! I little knew his sad distress ;
 Else, friendship had outstrip'd the fleetest wind,
 And flown to save him from the jaws of death—
 Had I but known, e'en when the parting sigh
 Hung quiv'ring on his clay-cold lips, I still
 Might have perform'd the duties of a friend ;
 I might have been the blest protector of
 His weeping widow, and his orphan child :
 And, now six years have past since that sad time,
 And all my fond enquiries have been vain,
 For their retirement I could never find.

Lucy. The ways of Providence are dark, and hid
 From mortal eyes ; yet, oft when least we hope,
 Some unexpected blessing greets our view.
 Then do not be cast down—th' Almighty yet
 May hear your pray'rs, and make you happy still.
 Look at yon reapers, how they sweat and toil

Beneath

Beneath the mid-day sun's hot scorching beams,
And yet, they know no woe—the jocund song
And sportive tale, make time glide swift away—
Come, let us go and join the happy train.

Pal. With all my heart—the fight of other's joys
Will cheer my drooping spirits, and call forth
My warmest gratitude to Heav'n, which thus
Has blest me with the pow'r of doing good.

D U E T.

Lav. Let's join the jocund reaper train,
And banish sorrow, care and pain,
And welcome peace and joy :

Pal. See ! Innocence and mirth unite,
To form such permanent delight,
As never fure can cloy.

Lav. Who, that e'er saw a scene like this,
Would now refuse to taste our blifs ?
The greatest blifs below !

I

Pal.

Pal. And, fure our praises, we must own,
Are due to Providence alone,
Who does such blifs bestow.

A C T II.

Scene a Field. Reapers. Lavinia following.

S O N G.

1st Man. Come, 'Tom, Roger and John,
Let's go chearfully on,
And work while the sun shines so bright;
And if Moll, Befs and Bell,
Will perform their tasks well,
We shall cut all the corn before night.

C A T C H.

Moll. I've done more than you.

Befs. I'm fure that's not true.

Bell. I've done as much as both.

Jane. Nay indeed not you.

2d Man.

(67)

2d Man. What's all that dispute about ?

Let's mind our work, and not fall out.

C H O R U S.

No discord here shall ever reign,

But mirth and joy shall fill the plain,

With harmony and love :

Beauty and innocence and truth,

Shall make each tender faithful youth,

Blest as the gods above.

S O N G.

Lav. Hail, spotless scenes of rural life,

Free from care, and free from strife :

Who would not leave the giddy court,

And to these peaceful shades resort ?

In our silent mossy cells,

Calm content with pleasure dwells,

And virtue with a front serene ;

True honour with exalted mein.

Sweet modesty, with blushing cheek,
Humility, with aspect meek;
While health here fixes her abode,
And with fresh roses strews life's road.

The Reapers and Lavinia retire to the back Part of the Scene.

Enter Palemon and Lucy.

Pal. Dear rural joys! how much to you I owe,
That thus can still each wild tumultuous thought,
And breathe calm peace and quiet o'er my heart.
Now all is hush'd, and ev'ry ruder wish
Is sunk in soft repose—no more I sigh,
No more I murmur at the will of Heav'n.
Gods! what a glorious scene now strikes my sight—
Above my head, the vaulted azure sky
Serene appears, in its celestial hue:
Yon wide canal, like a fine polish'd glass,
Reflects the heavens on its lucid face:
The yellow waving harvest crowns the fields,

The

The hedges round with scarlet berries glow,
All Nature's face a pleasing aspect wears—
Now let us follow, where the voice of mirth
Invites us on, to join the reaper band.

Lucy. Do you walk on; I will but just step in,
And regulate some household small affairs,
And soon will overtake you in the field. *(Exit.)*

Pal. Hail happiness! hail innocence and peace,
How ev'ry coarse and homely rustic's face,
Glow with the vivid blush of smiling health!
But soft—what lovely female form is that?
She looks, methinks, above the vulgar herd:
A consciousness of innate worth adorns
Each lovely feature, while sweet modesty
Sits on her blushing cheek. Good heav'ns! what means
This strange emotion in my throbbing breast—
Say—is it love? No; that can never be—
Love for a stranger? and for one who picks

The

The scanty refuse of my harvest fields:
 But say—what other passion, then, can cause
 My heart to swell and bound? Is't pity? No—
 Pity is calm and gentle—but I see,
 Or think I see, in that most charming face,
 The strongest likeness of my noble friend,
 The good Acasto. Grant, Oh, gracious Heav'n!
 That this may be his daughter, whom so long
 I've sought in vain—but why should I indulge
 The fond, romantic wish; and vainly hope
 In my own grounds to find that treasure, which
 So long I've search'd for in more distant lands?
 Yet, some resistless force urges me on;
 At least, to learn her name and parentage.

Say, thou fair stranger; who, beneath the garb
 Of humble poverty, appear'st to hide
 A mien more noble than the rural cot
 Could e'er produce; oh, say, what country claims
 Thy birth? and from what lineage thou art sprung?

Lav. Oh! Sir, no birthright honours can I boast,
A poor, unfriended maiden: but since you
Vouchsafe to ask, I must unfold the whole.
This is my native land—my father's name
Acasto was.

Pal. Acasto! gracious God!
It is, it is the daughter of my friend!
Oh! let me clasp thee in my longing arms,
And lose myself in overwhelming joy—
I shall grow wild with transport—Oh, my Fair!
How shall I speak my pleasure, or express
The rapture that now thrills thro' ev'ry vein?
This blissful moment well would over-pay
Ages of sorrow—Where hast thou been hid?
What envious shade conceal'd thee from my view
So long a time? and wherefore com'st thou now
In such an humble character, to glean
Those very fields, which from thy father's hand
I erst receiv'd? why didst thou stoop so low?

Oh!

Oh ! let me raise thee from this lowly state,
 And put thee out of fickle fortune's reach :
 Let me, at the blest altar, call thee mine ;
 And all the future study of my life,
 Shall be to make thy own a scene of bliss.

Lav. Excuse the blushes which o'erspread my cheek—
 Pardon the frank confession, when I own
 My heart, a pow'rful intercessor, pleads
 Strongly in your behalf—but, there's one care
 That yet intrudes upon my mind—my dear
 And aged mother, now expects me home—
 Quick ! let me fly to sooth her troubled mind.

Pal. She is my parent too—I'll go with thee,
 And pour the happy tidings in her ear.
 Let this blest day to joy be consecrate ;
 And may each fair that hears our story, learn,
 That modest worth, without the arts of dress,
 Will ever captivate the human heart.

IMITATED

IMITATED *from* PETRARCH.

WHEN seated on my verdant bank,
 Nigh which the stream soft murmuring flows,
 Laving the reeds and oziers dank;
 Oh! how the scene recalls my former woes!
 Whene'er the sweetly tuneful notes
 Of woodland warblers greet my ear,
 Whilst in the air their music floats,
 Laura, methinks thy long-lost voice I hear.
 Tho' earth thy body may conceal,
 Yet Heav'n must thy soul reveal:
 Hark! from afar what accents steal
 Sweetly o'er my ravish'd senses—
 It is her voice, which, all around,
 Still an holy calm dispenses.
 Cease, she cries, thy fruitless tears,
 All thy sorrows are in vain;

K

Death

Death has rais'd me up to life ;
Why should you for me complain ?
Tho' dull and cold my breathless clay,
My purer spirit wings its way,
To regions of eternal day.
Dear shady vales, congenial to my mind,
Led to you by taste refin'd,
In your retreats, from noise and bustle free,
My soul enjoys its much-lov'd liberty.
A thousand soft recesses here,
Bear witness to my tender sighs :
Accompany'd by many a mournful tear,
How often do I Laura's name repeat,
While echo from yon hill replies.
Blest asylums ! form'd for love—
The morning field, the noon-tide grove,
The mossy cave, the green alcove,
All, around, invite to love.

Trembling,

Trembling, pensive, and alone,
Often do I Laura seek—
Hush—methinks, in soften'd tone,
I hear the lovely charmer speak.
Blest soul ! whose heav'nly radiance lights,
With chearful beams my gloomy nights :
What thrilling transports do I feel !
When o'er my soul you softly steal,
And with your presence glad my mental fight,

Oh death ! thou tyrant ! in one fatal hour,
Thou didst bereave me of my greatest joy ;
Proud of thy mighty and despotic pow'r,
And envying human bliss without alloy,
Thou burst in funder that too slender tie,
That join'd the virtuous soul and lovely form
Of my dear charming Laura ; and didst make
Her damask cheek a prey to the dull worm.
Oh ! I am weary of each scene around ;
I'm weary e'en of life. Alas ! no more

Can I taste pleasure—the soft cheering sound
Of music, does but deeper make my wound.
I better could endure the hollow roar
Of raging winds, or waves that beat the shore :
Yet, sometimes Laura pities my despair,
And glides across the glade to my relief :
Her heav'nly spirit, more than mortal fair,
Deigns to listen to my grief ;
And soothes each woe, and lightens ev'ry care.

Oh ! could my falt'ring accents tell
What graces, what attractions dwell
In my Laura's airy form ;
'Twould make the flinty rock to mourn,
That she was gone to that dread bourn,
From which no traveller did e'er return.

Gay zephyr comes, behold him bring,
With flowr'ets crown'd, the laughing spring :
Hark ! Progne warbles, Philomela sighs,
The smiling heavens now appear serene ;

The

The meads assume their variegated dyes,
Deck'd with the cowslip and the herbage green :
Love re-animates the air,
The earth and sea his might declare,
All creatures feel his sov'reign pow'r,
And blest the kind, auspicious hour.
But ah ! to me this charming season brings
A sad remembrance of the happy time,
When pleasure fan'd me with his filken wings,
And love and joy were in their fullest prime :
The rosy spring can but renew my sighs,
The fields which erst a lovely verdure wore,
Appear as barren deserts in my eyes,
All joy is lost, for Laura is no more.

T H E Y E A R.

J A N U A R Y.

CLEAR is the sky, but piercing is the cold ;
The sheep are closely pent in the warm fold ;
The icicles hang, pendant, from the thatch ;
The wary housewife fastens down the latch ;
The toiling husbandman his hatchet takes,
Fells the thick underwood, and clears the brakes.
O'er the wide earth inclement winter reigns,
And binds the torrent in his icy chains.
The hind, in clogs, walks o'er the ice-pav'd ground,
And echo marks his steps with hollow sound.
The starving poultry seek the sheltering wall,
Or pick the crumbs that from the table fall.
Ah ! little think the gay, the great, and rich,
What hardships now attend the houseless wretch—

All

All night in some poor hovel forc'd to lie,
 Scarce cover'd from the keen inclement sky :
 The piercing cold benumbs his shiv'ring frame,
 Perhaps his wife and children share the same ;
 And, pinch'd by frost, with hunger almost dead,
 The lisping infants cry to him for bread.
 Hard fate ! and will no breast with pity warm,
 And lead them to the hospitable farm ?
 Yes—see ! Benevolence invites them on,
 Reduc'd by want, slowly they crawl along.
 The housemaid spreads the homely, plenteous board ;
 By the warm fires their spirits are restor'd ;
 And whilst they're shelter'd from the falling snow,
 With liveliest gratitude their bosoms glow.

FEBRUARY.

F E B R U A R Y.

AH! will this chilling blast not cease to blow?
 Shall we not see the smiling spring again?
 The sun has scarcely pow'r to melt the snow,
 He shines upon the whiten'd fields in vain;
 'Till aided by the falling show'rs of rain,
 Then melts the ice that bound the rapid flood,
 The rushing torrent overwhelms the plain,
 And wildly ranging, drenches many a rood
 Of land, and tears up trees in his most angry mood.

But soon retiring to his native bounds,
 His muddy waves in their own channel run,
 Again the frost has seiz'd the slimy grounds,
 And clear'd the misty air—again the sun
 Shines faintly, and the ploughman has begun
 To rip earth's bosom up with sharpen'd share—
 But long before his daily task is done,

Forc'd

Forc'd by the coldness of th' inclement air,
He seeks the household hearth, and quits awhile his care.

Thro' ev'ry chink whistles the northern blast,
The fleecy flocks lie sleeping in the fold,
Each door and window now is latched fast,
Huge fires are made to chase away the cold :
The wily snake in winding volumes roll'd,
Nigh froze to death, now quits his hidden nest,
Upon the hearth his body to unfold,
To thaw his speckled back and burnish'd crest,
When all the weary family are gone to rest.

M A R C H.

U P O N the mountain tops, the snow
Hard, and unmelted lies ;
Fiercely the blust'ring wind does blow,
Inclement are the skies.

L

But,

But, yet, some marks of spring are seen,

The blades of grass appear,

The fields assume a lightish green,

And their new liv'ry wear.

The laundry maid her cloaths lays out,

Upon the hedge to dry ;

The swelling buds begin to sprout,

'The twitt'ring sparrows fly.

The gardener to work is got,

He clips the growing thorn,

The husbandman now quits his cot,

'Tis time to sow the corn.

Yet, is the sky not quite serene,

The dark'ning clouds prevail,

The falling fleet chills the young green,

The fierce wind drives the hail.

A P R I L.

A P R I L.

SHEPHERD, tune thy oaten reed,
Lead thy harmless flock to feed,
In the daify-dimpled mead.

Hark! the tenants of the grove,
Sweetly singing, carol love:
All the joys of spring they prove.

No more the wintry tempests lour,
The swelling clouds their fatness pour,
Gently falls the genial show'r.

The turtle dove its mate has chose,
The bursting buds their leaves disclose,
The violet blooms, and wild dog-rose.

Hark! hear you not the cuckow sing,
The bladed corn begins to spring,
The swallow, waken'd, tries his wing.

The rosy morning sweetly dawns,
The nimble deer and bounding fawns,
Sport and skip along the lawns.

The noon-tide fun begins to warm,
The poultry cackle round the farm,
And the grass-clad prospects charm.

Nature smiling, all looks gay,
The cattle graze, the lambkins play,
And hail the near approach of May.

M A Y.

HA S T E, laughing goddess! ever gay,
Daughter of Venus! jocund May,
Come hither—come; and with thee bring
Each sweet that waits upon the spring.

The

The rosy morn, in orient hue,
Gilding fair the drops of dew,
That lightly on the primrose lie,
Or fill the yellow cowslip's eye.

See! the lowing herds around,
Feeding in rich pasture ground;
Some, more wanton, sport and play,
Glad to greet thee gentle May.

Hark! the linnet and the thrush,
With tuneful warblings fill each bush;
While the soft responsive note,
Echos from the wood-lark's throat.

The village maids, all neatly drest,
To one more beauteous than the rest
Carry flow'rs and garlands gay,
And, smiling, crown her Queen of May.

The rustic hinds and shepherd swains,
Assembled, meet them on the plains:

In

In quick succeffion pastimes run,
Nor end but with the setting sun.

J U N E.

MERRY June comes on apace,
With leafy garland crown'd;
Laughing joy illumes his face;
His crook's with ivy bound:
In his train, the mower blythe,
Singing careless, whets his scythe.
Mark! the sun-burnt country lads,
Goes out to make the hay:
See! she spreads the new-mown grass
To the bright beams of day.

Glad

Glad to breathe her native air,
Her mind's content, nor knows a care.

Stript of their wool, the blythsome flocks,
Along the valley run,
Or heedless jump among the rocks,
And dare the noon-day fun :
From crag to crag regardless they
Of hourly danger, skip and play.

Happy the man, who now retires,
And quits the noisy town,
Rural joy his breast inspires,
Each pleasure is his own :
On him the virtues sweetly smile,
Successive sports his time beguile.

The joyous goldfinch, on the spray,
Sweetly tunes his song ;
He hails the summer in his lay,
Nor fears he any wrong ;

'Till

'Till perching on the lime-twigg, he
Vainly struggles to get free.

Hesperus, now mounted high,
With milder lustre shines ;
In hopes to catch the scaly fry,
The anglers throw their lines :
The radiant moon, serenely bright,
Sivers o'er the clouds of night.

J U L Y.

THE rosy morn comes smiling on,
Op'ning the gates of day,
Thro' which the chariot of the sun,
Darts many a flaming ray :
Then issuing forth, he gains the sky,
His fiery steeds impatient fly,

Their

Their harness casts so fierce a heat ;
The sun-burnt shepherd leads his flock
Under the shadow of a rock,
To seek a cool retreat.

Scorch'd by the noon-day's fervid blaze,
The cattle panting lie ;
The herdsman in the woody maze,
Finds cov'ring from the sky :
In silence hush'd, e'en toil is still,
No sound is heard but of the rill,

That gently warbles down the dale :
No breath of air sighs thro' the boughs,
No cooling zephyr softly blows
Along the dusty vale.

But milder ev'ning now draws nigh,
Sol gilds the western main,
The purple streaks bedeck the sky,
The flocks feed on the plain ;
The shepherd on his pipe does play,
The milk-maid tunes her vocal lay,

The nightingale responsive sings.
Fainter and fainter grows the light,
The shades draw on, and dewy night
Expands her ebon wings.

A U G U S T.

GAY Plenty now bedecks the smiling plains,
The yellow corn to ripen is begun,
Arachné spreads her network in the sun:
The hopes of harvest glad the village swains.
The observing eye may trace
The marks of joy in ev'ry face.

But ah! the low'ring clouds obscure the sky,
A thick'ning darkness heav'ns face o'erspreads,
The cattle frightened upward turn their heads;
From pole to pole the forked lightnings fly,

The

The quick descending rain fast pours,
Loud the bellowing thunder roars.

But soon the transient storm is past away,
Hush'd is the thunder, or at distance heard;
No more the herds are by the lightning scar'd,
Again the feather'd choir their plumes display,
The clouds disperse, the sun appears,
And the drooping landscape cheers.

Now, blazing forth, too warm his rays are grown,
We faint, scorch'd by fierce Sirius' raging heat,
The tender grass is parch'd beneath our feet,
The smiling verdure of the fields is gone,
Scarce can the chearful rustic swain
Endure to work upon the plain,

'Till ev'ning comes, in graver livery clad;
Then, when the sun is set, and sky serene,
And dusky mists veil the more distant scene,
His labour lightens, for his heart is glad,

With sickle on the plain,
He reaps the yellow grain.

The harvest moon, broad rising, lends him light ;
And tho' the darker ev'ning shades draw nigh,
So bright and star-bespangled is the sky,
He ceases not to work, although 'tis night,
Aided by Luna's silver beam,
That trembles on the neighbouring stream.

S E P T E M B E R.

'TIS morn, and hark! the jocund hind,
Whistles as he drives his team,
The reapers haste the sheaves to bind,
The rising sun does gently gleam,
And gilds the walnut tree that grows
From out yon ruin'd tow'r, and spreads its boughs,
Embrown'd

Embrown'd with age, along the mofs-grown wall :

And overlooks the sinking hall.

Pil'd in the cart the fwain brings home the corn,

The smiling milk-maid meets him on the way,

The ripen'd sheaves into the barn are born,

The hinds begin to tune their harvest lay ;

The country lasses form the mazy dance,

And sprightly music does their rural joy enhance.

The geese into the stubble run,

And gladly pick the scatter'd grain,

The sportsman takes his dog and gun,

And seeks the partridge on the plain ;

The faithful dog the covey springs,

They cleave the air, upborn on speckled wings.

The fallen leaves bestrew the narrow lane,

Or scatter'd ruffet o'er the plain :

The evening comes, chill and enwrapt in clouds,

Th' unwholesome fog draws on the veil of night,

Behind

Behind the thick'ning darkness, Luna shrouds
 Her face, and deigns not to impart her light.
 No twinkling star appears with friendly ray,
 To guide the weary traveller on his way.

O C T O B E R.

SEE ! day-light begins to appear;
 But the thick fog broods o'er the heath,
 And shortens the beams of the sun.
 Hark ! the thresher is got to work,
 You may hear the strokes of his flail ;
 The owl, on a beam in the barn,
 Ceases to hoot, and shuts her eyes :
 Whilst the glad harbinger of day,
 The dunghill cock, crows loud and shrill,
 And wakes the drowsy dairy maid.

Now

Now the sun has disperst the mist,
 And the robin begins to sing.
 Heard you not the found of the horn?
 Loud it echo'd thro' the thick wood;
 See! the hare rushes from the brake,
 And frightened scours fast o'er the heath:
 The huntsmen clamorous pursue,
 The victim is seiz'd by the hounds.
 The bright sun has withdrawn his rays,
 And veil'd them behind a dark cloud;
 The wind whistles thro' the trees,
 And strips them of faded leaves:
 The bare branches meet its force;
 From the sky fast pours the rain,
 The fierce wind drives it along;
 The foxes yell in the storm;
 The traveller frightened strays,
 He has lost the beaten track,
 Dark night obscures the heav'ns,
 Cheerless he roams o'er the heath,

No

No sheltering cottage near,
 A false light beguiles his steps,
 It leads him into a pit,
 He sinks, the waters close round,
 There is none to save—he dies.

N O V E M B E R.

HARK! the loud tempest whistles thro' the rocks,
 Wind, hail and rain, united in the storm,
 Deaden the torrents roar; but, see! it comes,
 Proud swelling, and o'erwhelms the peaceful plain;
 And spreads a dreadful deluge o'er the land.
 Good heav'ns! what devastation does it make!
 The lowly cottage, and the rural farm,
 O'erturn'd, are both destroy'd: The fleecy flock,
 Tir'd out with swimming, bleat; alas! in vain.
 Low underneath the wave their master lies,

Crush'd

Crush'd by the ruins of his fallen roof.
 In vain his helpless infants clung around ;
 They, with their fire, shar'd the same dismal fate.
 The ebbing flood retires, but what a scene
 Of horror now presents itself to view !
 The broken walls cover'd with slime and mud,
 The cattle lying dead, and close beside,
 The mutilated corpse of some poor wretch,
 Who, 'scaping from the ruins of his farm,
 Had vainly strove against the torrents force.
 Let me not dwell upon so sad a theme :
 I'll draw the dark'ning veil of night, and mark
 The beauties of the sky, where brilliant shine
 The wild fantastic meteors of the north,
 Darting across the cloud-fring'd hemisphere :
 Now the embattled airy squadrons close,
 Now part, now wheel, and toss their radiant spears—
 Oft have I view'd with pleasure the gay scene,
 'Till solemn midnight warn'd me to retire.

D E C E M B E R.

STERN winter, with his iron hand, has spread
The keen hoar frost o'er all the once gay fields;
The snow o'er-roofs the cottage and the shed;
No varied beauties the wide prospect yields.

A robe of purest white the plain adorns,
The leafless oaks expand their silver'd arms,
All frost-bespangled are the hedge-row thorns,
The lowing cattle croud around the farms.

Out of the silent brake the woodcock springs,
The keen-eyed sportsman marks him as he flies,
In vain he cuts the air with steady wings,
The shot o'ertakes him—see! he falls, he dies.

From yonder farm I hear the sound of mirth,
And gay rejoicing strike upon my ear,
To-day they celebrate their Saviour's birth,
The blazing fires the shiv'ring rustic chear.

Plenty

Plenty has spread the hospitable board,
The neighbours gather round, the feast to share,
While all the joys the season can afford,
Conspire to chace away the thoughts of care.

The jocund catch, and merry glee go round,
The aged matron tells a dismal tale
Of sheeted ghosts that haunt the burial ground,
All dreadful black, or else as ashes pale.

Wonder so works upon the untaught mind,
That all her auditors are seiz'd with fear,
They tremble at each hollow blast of wind,
Start, and look back, at ev'ry noise they hear.

Nor you, ye gay, disdain the lowly theme,
I sing of rural sports and innocence ;
And tho' the pleasures may but trifling seem,
They're more than dissipation can dispense.

On Miss A ———.

ONE day, as from Idalian bow'rs,
Gay Cupid roving stray'd
Along Candalia's vale; he saw
Eliza, matchless maid!



Struck with her charms, the wanton god
Drew forth his sharpest dart,
Flew to her breast, and perching there,
He thought to pierce her heart.

A filken net her bosom deck'd,
In which, the God of love,
With ready hand she quick involv'd;
In vain to fly he strove.

With all his art he try'd to move
The fair to set him free—
Here, take my quiver and my bow!
He cried; and wound like me.

Think't

Think'st thou, fond urchin! she replied,

I deem thy darts a prize?

No—far more certain shafts for me

The god of wit supplies.

Yet will I clip thy wanton wings,

And bind thee with a chain;

I'll break thy darts, and lead thee like

A captive in my train.

Then say, what heart can e'er resist

United pow'rs so strong?

Cupid attends upon her steps,

And wit dwells on her tongue.

To Mr. WALKER, jun. on his EIDOURANION.

F A I N would my youthful muse, oh Walker! soar
Above her usual sphere, and sing thy praise;

But

But not such praise as venal flattery gives
 To pomp and high-thron'd pow'r. No—with the pen
 Of honest truth, in humble lines, I'll write
 The dictates of a heart unstain'd by vice.

Inadequate are words e'er to express
 My feelings; when, unfolded to the view,
 The planetary system struck my sight :
 Glorious, sublime and awful ! Fancy, wrapt,
 Thought it reality ; and travell'd o'er
 Th' immensity of space ; and whilst thy voice
 In cadence soft explain'd the beauteous scene,
 Methought I heard the heav'nly virtues speak ;
 Fair science, with religion in her hand,
 Seem'd pointing out the road to happiness :
 Humility and blushing modesty,
 With contemplation join'd, compos'd the group.
 The heart, with sensibility endu'd,
 Alone can tell, how loth from heights like these
 The soul to sublunary objects sinks :

But

But yet, while rob'd in elemental dross,
She cannot long sustain such airy flights.
Oh! for the time, when from the bonds of sin
Loos'd by the stroke of that kind angel death,
The spirit pure shall wing its glorious way
To realms of light and life, there to behold
Without a veil of clay to cloud the sight,
The wond'rous works of goodness infinite.
Happy the man! thrice happy! who, like thee,
Remembers his Creator, in the days
When youth, and a too gay enticing world,
Might sooth and lure him to forget his duty.

Excuse this warmth of praise, I am unknown
To thee. Scorn not t'accept the humble lays,
Of one who claims no merit from her verse,
But that of giving modest worth its due.
Young as thyself, I dare to tread the paths
Which lead us on to fame thro' virtue's temple.

CONTEM-

C O N T E M P L A T I O N .

WHILST May, with radiance, cloaths the fields,
And breathes a soft, a sweet perfume ;

Whilst summer all its glories yields,
And spreads around a pleasing bloom ;

Thus, while gay Nature smiles on all,
Some calm, some cool retreat I'll find ;
Or, underneath the poplars tall,
Shall contemplation sooth my mind.

Then, in deep embow'ring shade,
Where at my feet, in lovely hue,
Fair Nature's verdant carpet's spread,
Creation rises to my view.

Throughout the whole, I see display'd
The traits of an Almighty hand !
This hand, which form'd the earth, has made
The meanest reptile on the land.

The

The little warblers of the grove
Attune their songs to his high praise;
All carol forth their Maker's love,
Each plant, each herb, his pow'r displays.*

On the DEATH of a YOUNG CHILD.

TELL me, Camilla! why those tears are shed!
Why heaves thy bosom with that painful sigh?
I read the cause; thy darling child is dead,
The vainly hop'd for source of future joy.
Sweet innocent! untimely was thy fate;
So the young bloom, nipt by inclement skies,
Like thee uprais'd its head with youth elate,
And now, like thee, it sickens, pines and dies.

No

• These lines were wrote at fifteen years of age.

No more shalt thou, unconscious of her Care,
Sleep in thy mother's fond encircling arms;
No more thy face the placid smile shall wear,
That hush'd her fears and silenc'd all alarms.

How often has she hung, enamour'd, o'er
Thy yet unfolded beauties with delight !
How often form'd the plans of virtuous lore,
To teach thy op'ning mind the path of right.

Vain were the plans, and furtive ev'ry wish
Which kind maternal tenderness had made ;
Heav'n had denied to her that greatest bliss,
And death his iron hand upon thee laid.

Have you not seen the gay resplendent sun,
Shining in heav'n's wide arch with lambent blaze,
E'er yet he half his daily course hath run,
Behind a thick'ning cloud withdraw his rays ?

But soon, emerging from that envious veil,
He bursts upon our eyes intensely bright ;

His

His beauties now more pure he does reveal,
 And gilds the radiant hemisphere with light.
 So, from the cloud of death, the babe shall rise
 To mansions of eternal rest and peace ;
 And share, high mounted o'er the starry skies,
 Infinity of joys that ne'er shall cease.

The PEOPLED VILLAGE.

HAIL ! happy village ! Plenty's smiling feat,
 My muse shall find in thee her last retreat ;
 Pleas'd I look forward, to the blissful day,
 And hope again to tune the rural lay
 Along thy pleasant walks and verdant meads ;
 Or follow where bewitching fancy leads :
 And whilst I dwell upon the pleasing thought,
 Each scene is fresh into my mem'ry brought ;

Each object rises with a double charm !
 Methinks I see the rural cot and farm :
 A mimic garden blooms before the door,
 Which, op'ning, shews the ruddy brick-work floor
 Of the neat cottage, where the chearful swain,
 Returning from his labour on the plain,
 Throws by his cares ; his children round him play
 And jocund laugh when they their fire survey.
 Here the more busy farm-yard greets my sight,
 Where every object yields a new delight ;
 The full stor'd barn, the cow-house roof'd with reeds,
 From whence the mother hen her young ones leads ;
 The hissing geese, the gobbling turkey's brood,
 Run to the hand that brings their daily food.
 See, on yon wall, with pennons wide display'd,
 The savage terror of the dove-house spread !
 The mug'd'rous kite ! rapacious bird of prey,
 At whose fell voice the poultry fled away ;
 Now shot, and, dread example, nail'd on high,
 The harmless pigeons may in safety fly.

Blest

Blest scenes ! where all is innocence and ease ;
 The village only boasts such charms as these.
 How often have I, at the close of day,
 Across the silent church-yard took my way ;
 Pleas'd o'er the humble graves, to cast my eyes,
 Where rest alike the foolish and the wise.
 No birth superior claims a marble stone ;
 Or grandeur boasts distinction not her own :
 The grave remember'd with a falling tear,
 Can only shew the epitaph sincere.
 That rising heap of earth points out to view
 The man to ev'ry virtuous impulse true !
 He still pursued religion's sacred lore,
 And liv'd the friend and father of the poor :
 His virtues could not save him from the tomb,
 He yields to death's inexorable doom !
 The mighty monarch strikes the fatal blow !
 His soul ascends, and leaves its dross below.
 Where yon rude sculptur'd stone lifts up its head,
 The tender mother rests among the dead :

In the cold bosom of the earth she sleeps,
 While, o'er her ashes, filial duty weeps.
 On that broad spreading tomb no tears are shed;
 For there old Gripus rests his fordid head;
 The starving wretch was ne'er by him supply'd,
 His niggard hand the smallest boon deny'd:
 Now all his riches, gain'd with so much care,
 Are squander'd by his wild and spendthrift heir.
 Too long I've dwelt upon the solemn scene,
 The sounds of mirth invite me to the green:
 The village tribe have form'd the jocund ring,
 And gayly, round the may-pole, dance and sing:
 The ruddy milk-maid, sprightliest of the train,
 Whose rosy cheek had fir'd each rustic swain,
 Leads up the chearful band; whilst laughing joy
 Brightens each face, and beams in ev'ry eye.
 Such are the blessings which from commerce spring,
 When, o'er the land, she waves her golden wing:
 Plenty, exultant, meets the beauteous queen;
 Care smoothes his brow, and labour smiles serene.

Hail!

Hail! thou first parent of the lib'ral arts!
Whose look benign, a gen'ral joy imparts!
Thou friend to Britain! at whose kind command
The peopled cities rise and crown the land:
Whose voice, more pow'rful far than Amphion's lyre,
Bids stately domes and palaces aspire
To touch the clouds, nor thinks it base or mean
To raise the humble cottage on the green:
Without thy aid our country ne'er had smil'd;
But mourn'd, a rude uncultivated wild
O'ergrown with woods, retreats for beasts of prey,
Or savage men, more barb'rous still than they:
Where now the shepherd tends his fleecy charge,
There the fell bristled boar had roam'd at large;
No lovely cottage in the vale had stood,
But, in its stead, the adder's scaly brood;
Or hissing snakes had rais'd their venom'd heads,
And wolves rang'd fearless where the village spreads.

Accept,

Accept, my countrymen, this ardent pray'r!
May commerce still be Britain's nearest care:
Then may she scorn confed'rate states around,
And rise triumphant, with the laurel crown'd.

T H E E N D.



